Desd. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Emi. Looke where he comes.
Des. I will not leaue him now,
Let *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardneſſe to diſſemble:
How doe you *Desdomona?*
Des. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moiſt my Lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe and liberall heart,
Not hot and moiſt, this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty: faſting and praying,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe deuout;
For heere's a young and ſweating diuell here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Des. You may indeed ſay ſo,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot ſpeake of this, come, come, your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe chucke?
Des. I haue ſent to bid *Caſsio* come ſpeake with you.
Oth. I haue a ſalt and ſullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkercher,
Des. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Des. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Des. No faith my Lord.
Oth. Thats a fault: that handkercher
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a charmer, and could almoſt reade
The thoughts of people; ſhe told her while ſhe kept it,
T'would make her amiable, and ſubdue my father
Intirely to her loue: But if ſhe loſt it,

Intirely to her loue: But if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it: my fathers eye
Should hold her lothely, and his ſpirits ſhould hunt
After new fancies: ſhe dying, gaue it me,
And bid me when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her; I did ſo, and take heede on't,
Make it a darling, like your pretious eye,
To looſe, or giue't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.
Desd. I'ſt poſſible?
Oth. Tis true, there's magicke in the web of it,
A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
The Sun to make two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetique fury, ſowed the worke;
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the ſilke,
And it was died in Mummy, with the skilfull
Conſerues of maidens hearts.
Des. Ifaith i'ſt true?
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore looke to't well.
Des. Then would to God, that I had neuer ſeene it.
Oth. Ha, wherefore?
Des. Why doe you ſpeake ſo ſtartingly and raſhly.
Oth. I'ſt loſt? i'ſt gone? ſpeake, is it out o'the way?
Des. Heauen bleſſe vs.
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not loſt, but what and if it were?
Oth. Ha.
Des. I ſay it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee it,
Des. Why ſo I can ſir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my ſuite,
I pray let *Caſsio*, be receiu'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me that handkercher, my mind miſgiues.
Des. Come, come, you'll neuer meete a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkercher.
Des. I pray talke me of *Caſsio*.
Oth. The handkercher.